

# POWERS PICTURES THE GAY SARATOGA RACEGOERS.

## Women Furnish the Wonder Background for the Saratoga Race-Track Scene.

(Special to The Evening World.)

SARATOGA, N. Y., Aug. 23.—The real aristocrat of the Saratoga race track is the man who pays 50 cents to put the fence between himself and the outside world. A place is reserved for him, and in that place he is secure. No man may penetrate to his stamping ground from the main grand stand—not even though the would-be penetrator be equipped with a club member's badge.

True, the place reserved for the aristocrat of the course is remote from the finish line and is separated from the rest of the inclosure devoted to patrons by a high wire fence. The 50-cent race patron at Saratoga is a man apart. He associates with his kind. He bets his dollar bill with the same degree of knowledge as to its ultimate destination as does the man on the other side of the fence, who pays his \$3 for an admission ticket.

It is this that makes the Saratoga race track different from any other in the United States. The man of half-dollar calibre is the real thing here. His domain belongs to him exclusively. The fact that the half-dollar person is the aristocrat of the race track constitutes all that makes Saratoga the most democratic place where horses run for gain in America.

To the westward of the high fence that holds in the fractional currency bettors is the only place where the possession or lack of money does not count for or against in Saratoga. It is the grand stand, club-house and betting ring of the most representative race course in America.

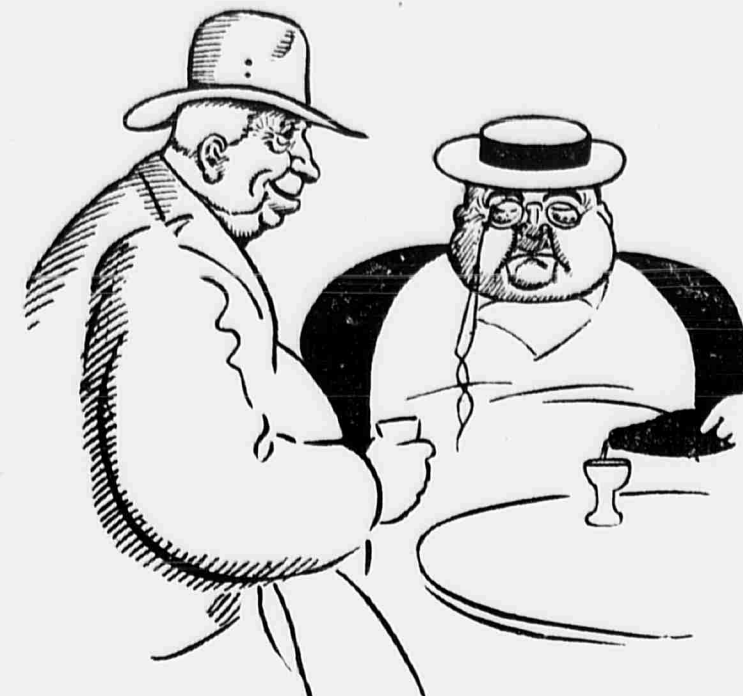
### WITH THE RICHEST.

Admission to this section is obtainable by the power of money. If a man has money enough to pay for a club-house ticket he may associate

brokers on the Stock Exchange who have never did the business in a day that is done by individual sharp visaged pencilers in the Saratoga ring. Sheephead Bay track or Morris Park inspire one on a big day when one of the handicaps that bring a fortune to the owner of the winner is to be run. The great stands are packed, the sound of music is in the air; in the betting ring men fight with each other for the privilege of gambling on the strength, nerve and wind of a horse. But a big day at the New York tracks is garish in its impression. It is an occasion that leaves in the minds of those who have experienced it a remembrance like unto those haunting the sleeping



"Rubbering" at Canfield's.



John Mackey, manager of the Hargis stable, and "Paddy the Pig," of New York.

## The Fifty-Cent Man Is the Unapproachable Aristocrat of the Great Throng of Sporting Folk.



Saratoga Dowagers.



whispered in his ear. It was just before the third race. As a result of the whisper Mr. McIntyre hastened to the betting ring and wagered \$100 on Clonmell, straight. When he returned to his place his friend asked him what price he got.

"Six to one," responded Mr. McIntyre.

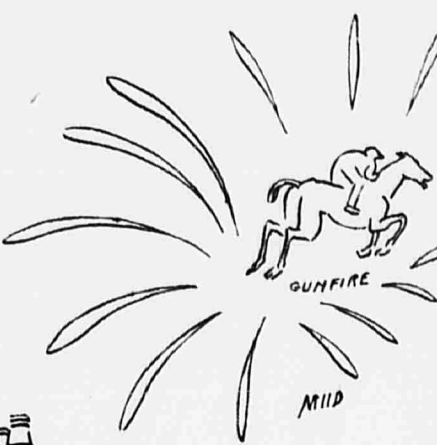
"Impossible," said the friend, "why Carbuncle is odds on. What horse did you play?"

Mr. McIntyre did not answer. He was too far away to answer. Before he could get to the betting ring to change his bet from Clonmell to Carbuncle the horses were off. He got back to his seat in time to see Clonmell win.

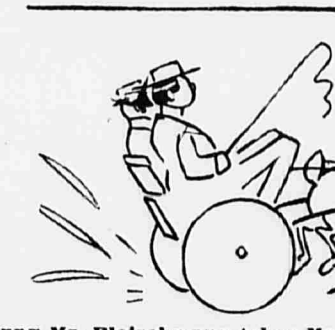
MARTIN GREEN.



SIDNEY PAGET



MID



Young Mr. Fleischmann takes Mr. Paget from the track.



FRANK HITCHCOCK



Dr. Whitney watching the victory of Guntire.



John A. Drake in the night parade on Broadway.

Rear view of Mr. Jolly, one of the proprietors of the Manhattan Club.

his cigar smoking like an office building in New York, those ice cream "pans" harmonized with the conditions a whole lot.

Tom Dunne, former sheriff, and John F. McIntyre, former District Attorney, won on Clonmell. Mr. Dunne bet on the horse because he came from Clonmell in Ireland—Mr. Dunne, not the horse. Mr. McIntyre bet my mistake.

He was seated in a box enjoying himself when a friend came up and



### A REMARKABLE CASE!

Brooklyn Lady Cured of Consumption. She Tells Her Story.

"To say that I was alarmed at my condition does not half express my feelings when the terrible truth that I had consumption began to dawn upon me.

A close friend of mine, a beautiful girl of eighteen years, recently died in Connecticut from consumption. I had nursed her all through the sad days while the terrible disease was stealing her young life away.

I must have contracted the disease from her, for shortly afterward the alarming symptoms appeared. To make matters worse, I caught a severe cold which settled on my lungs. I began to lose flesh rapidly, coughed incessantly, had those terrible night sweats and awful chills and fevers, fainted quantities of matter from my lungs and had frequent violent hemorrhages. One of my lungs must have been in a terrible state, for it appeared to be raw and bleeding constantly.

I know that I had a most malignant type of the disease, and to my horror, appeared to be developing rapidly, and I realized that unless something radical was quickly done my time on earth would be short indeed.

Being German, we had heard much of the reputation of Dr. Koch and his wonderful inhalation treatment for lung disease. Although I thought my case was so bad that nothing could help me, I went to the Koch Lung Cure, at 48 West Twenty-second street, New York, because I knew of others whom they had cured.

My improvement dates from my first visit to the Koch doctors. The healing, oily vapors of the "Tuberculin" medicines seemed to penetrate to the very seat of my disease, for I continued to improve and gain strength day by day. My hemorrhages stopped, the chills and fever and night sweats left me, my sleep became restful and peaceful and those awful pains in my lungs ceased altogether.

Now I am strong and well as I ever was in my life, and feel so grateful and enthusiastic over what this wonderful treatment has done for me that I have told all my friends about it and will be glad to prove the facts in my case to any one who will call on me at my home, 1415 Nelson street, Brooklyn.

"Mrs. FLORENCE WENHOLD."

### NOISY NEIGHBORS NEAR ROCKEFELLER

Big Resort for Sunday Excursionists to Be Established Near Tarrytown Mansion of the Millionaire.

A hundred acre public picnic ground is planned to adjoin the fine properties of John D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, Mrs. E. B. Moore and other millionaires and millionairesses at Tarrytown, and they don't like the idea a bit.

John Brisben Walker, who owns the property at Kingsland Point, on which the proposed picnic ground is to be established, has already signed the papers with V. R. Krepps, Superintendent of the White Plains and Mamaroneck Railway Company, agreeing to lease the property to the trolley line.

Carousels, swings, dancing pavilions, a theatre and a hotel are to be placed on the picnic grounds. There will also be an extension of the trolley line around the private estates. These preparations are being frowned upon by the Rockefellers and their wealthy neighbors, who are displeased at the prospect of hordes of excursionists romping near their grounds during the summer months.

rable from race tracks. There were rumors current yesterday of an impending fight between Eastern and Western bookmakers in the ring. Foolish rumor! Even bookmakers would not permit themselves to fight under the soothing influence that pervades the magnificent Saratoga race course.

There were great doings at the race track yesterday. Big Tim Sullivan arrived just before the first race and held a reception on the lawn. They all went to him, high and low in Tammany Hall or State politics—all but John F. Carroll. Mr. Carroll wore a pair of ice cream "pans," and when he passed the crowd around Sullivan with his head averted and

Green Morris giving instructions to his jockey.

asked a man of us to-day, after we had assured him of our inability to purchase him steamboat passage to New York.

We said: "at we did not. 'It makes me feel,' he said, 'like going out and doing something. It fills me with ambition to become rich enough to enjoy this feast for the eye and the ear and the brain. It stimulates me. And if you want a pinch bet that will make you independent play Miss Buttermilk in the last race, and don't forget me when you cash in.'

We know that the profession of ambition expressed was not sincere enough to last over the acquisition of room rent, but we were struck by the aptness of the remark. There is much to stimulate in the society of men who have reached a stage that enables them to gamble and not care whether they lose or not. There is also a large, inky lesson in considering how these men come to put together the foundations of the bank rolls that enable them to gamble to-day. They did not do it gambling.

### GAMBLING ALL ABOUT.

It is impossible to write of Saratoga without referring to gambling, because nowhere in the domain of Uncle Sam is gambling done of such volume every day and every night. In point of money circulated the betting ring is a mine of marvels to one who desires to investigate.

Bets of two hundred dollars are as common as the twitter of birds in the trees back of the shed that shelters the bookmakers: five hundred bets are registered continuously. Bets of from one thousand to five thousand dollars are so common as to fall to occasion remark. The humble punter with his five-dollar bill elbows to one side the club-house gambler with his thousands in the hand-

to-hand struggle to get to the book-makers.

With all this heavy play, this excitement, there is little or no disorder. Mr. Stevens, the caterer, sells wine and whiskey and brandy in quantities sufficient to serve for the launching of a new ship every day, but no drunken men are in evidence. The atmosphere of pleasure is always an influence, but at no time does this atmosphere appear to inspire men to do things not decent. There is about the Saratoga race track that which smacks of gentility, and this influences to a remarkable degree even the rough and uncouth inae-

### SUMMER COMPLAINT. Proper Food Will Prevent It.

When the bowels go wrong in adults or children, quit all food but Grape-Nuts and a little cream or milk. The experience of one woman will be read with interest by many mothers who pass anxious days over little ones and become alarmed because the food does not agree with baby and he daily wastes away.

Mrs. W. H. Mennens, of Little Falls, Minn., writes: "I want to tell you the good Grape-Nuts Food has done for my baby boy. When he was ten months old he was taken with summer complaint and I could not find any prepared food that agreed with him. I was giving him doctor's medicine all the time, but he continued to lose weight until he only weighed 15 pounds, having weighed 22 pounds before he was taken sick. Finally the doctor told me that unless I could get some real nourishing food for him he could not live many days, and he advised me to get Grape-Nuts Food, which I did, and in five days he gained 4 ounces and in five weeks he weighed just 20 pounds.

"If any mother reading this letter wants to write to me personally I will gladly answer and tell her the full particulars regarding baby's sickness and the good Grape-Nuts did for him."

## Armour's STAR

THE AM WHAT HAM



1-Carroll. 2-Jene Commisky. 3-Big Tim. 4-Two Spot. 5-Sport. 6-Tom Dunn. 7-Tom Smith. Big Tim Sullivan arrives and holds a levee on the green. He is shaking hands with Two Spot McMahon, while John Carroll passes by with a cold stare on his way to the betting ring to put a bet down on Nine Spot.

silently with the richest people in the country, even though it be a case of sleeping in the park with him at night. A man with the where-withal for a \$3 ticket is not allowed to roam to the club-house, but what makes the Saratoga track remarkable is the fact that the club-house comes to him.

In reality the hub of the Saratoga course is the betting ring. The 50-cent aristocrat has his betting ring all to himself. He makes his four-dollar plunges on a long shot with the assurance that no hundred-dollar bet is going to butt in and force down the odds. In the big ring the club-house and grand stand contingents mix, and one may have a wager of what is left out - a five-dollar bill after admission is paid registered next to that of one who bets his thousands.

Day in and day out no race track has ever witnessed such heavy play as that which distinguishes Saratoga. The aristocrats of the ring make their room rent plunges, but over where the club-house and grand stand people mingle men make bets of thousands, and most of them, if they forgot to cash in, they would never know it. The amount of money that goes through the hands of the bookmaker on every race is almost appalling. There are many

hours of the surviving victim of a train wreck.

### BACKGROUND IS WOMAN.

It is different in Saratoga. Every day is a big race day here. Every day the long, cool grand stand is crowded with women gowned according to the dictates of the smartest modistes. Women predominate in the stand and in the club-house boxes—great bouquets of women fill the eye, chattering, laughing care-free, most fortunate indeed that there are men able and willing to mold them into so charming a background for so inspiring a picture. Day after day they are in their places, these Saratoga racetrack women, and when, under similar circumstances, grand stands of the metropolitan district tracks would be vistas of plain pine seats, here the background is woman.

Strangely enough, the Saratoga type of diamond-carrying woman does not prevail. The obese female, whose ornaments glare like the windows of a factory building at sunset, is in evidence, but her gems do not predominate. On the New York race tracks the Saratoga woman, of which Mr. Powers has created so lifelike a type, is as much a part of the picture as she is here on the hotel piazzas and in the Broadway night parade. At the race track she appears to be extinguished.

Of course she is there. But she is surrounded by such a lot of daintily gowned sisters whose gems are left for display at the proper time that she becomes as a discarded sardine can in a bed of violets. She flashes occasionally in the sunlight, and the flash jars. On the whole, the Saratoga grand stand every day holds the finest aggregation of smart, correct, thoroughly feminine femininity that can be seen in bulk from Labrador to Corpus Christi, from Portland, Me., to Los Angeles, Cal.

### GEM OF A TRACK.

Given a setting of women such as this, a track so fast that the hoofs of horses spin over it like zephyrs, a vista of trees and grass and blue sky and drifting clouds; a breeze that fans the face with the perfume of pine, music to lull the ear, soft turf to tread upon, everything that money can buy within call—why should not the Saratoga race track be the spot where any man with red blood in his veins should desire to remain until driven away?

To wealthy or to poverty stricken the charm appeals. If those un-equipped with the great bank rolls that are so conspicuous in the furniture of the pockets of a Saratoga visitor feel envy it is not for long. "Do you know what this makes me feel like—this sight of all this wealth and power and beauty?"—